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where gamins will be allowed. Monte
Carlo is green with envy at their bold
trespassing on its preserves.

the Government, whose duties lay in the payment of the old indebtedness of the Government, recently defrauded to the extent of three or four hundred thousand dollars.

This has quietened notably the feeling that they had better govern themselves or be subject to some power whose interest would prevent such a thing. The thought of annexation is promoted by these official scandals, and the United States may at no remote day receive an offer from the Queen of the Antilles.

"Conroy the Tailor," is a rough sketch with no dramatic or literary merit. It serves to introduce a few jokes about the grip, a song or two, and a dance. Such plays seldom do more, and I should have said nothing about this one if I only saw that Mr. Sully is a representative Irish-American actor and his play a domestic comedy drama. There is a good deal of vulgarity in "Conroy the Tailor," that might be advantageously omitted. On the road, and in the Jayvilles and Queenreys of a theatrical tour, people may laugh at the broad touches, but New Yorkers dislike that sort of thing even in rough sketches like "Conroy the Tailor."

The relations between Portugal and Great Britain are more than strained. What a small power like the former could do if it came to an open rupture and England were to let loose her dogs of war is a matter of interesting conjecture. SALISBURY is certainly rather caustic in his treatment of Portugal, and Mr. Thrall thus describes the prize:

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The watch is now on exhibition in Mr. Thrall's window.

In all cases, where possible, indicate the number of the school, as well as city, which the candidate is connected.

Allow the name on the ballot printed below. Cut out the blank, properly fill out and sign it, and send it to THE EVENING WORLD.

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REPRISE BY DEATH.

Mrs. HANNA SOUTHWORTH, the woman whose hands were red with the blood of a murdered man, is dead. She was in the Tombs awaiting trial. Had she been brought before a Judge there was a possibility, at least, that she would have been sentenced to death for killing STEPHEN PRENTISS. Now, happily, Nature has relieved Justice, and what would have come as a disgrace and a terror has come as a relief and a balm.

The spectacle of a pinioned woman led forth and done to death by the strong hand of the law is not an edifying one. However justifiable from the standpoint that the punishment for a male is equally due to a female criminal, there is a distinct repulsion for the greater part of the community in the execution of a woman.

With this death of the woman who shot Prentiss dead also ceases the necessity of determining the motive and circumstance of that act. If the truth be that the poor creature in the irresponsibility of an unbalanced mind brought swift destruction on her victim, and this can be demonstrated, then the mummy, type of the struggles of humanity, on the other.

One of the clocks was bought recently from the Little Corporal to Egypt is a mystery like the taking of which is not incomprehensible.

Whatever the cause, we embroider Nite with the sacred and winding amulets, the rings and suspend scarabs, pendents about our necks, and when we want a clock we hunt the briar-brace and from the hands until we find one in silver with Ra, the hawk-headed man, who stands in the sun, supporting on one hand and Ossiris, the mummy, type of the struggles of humanity, on the other.

The chances are that it is an obscure development of the many ways of life of Egypt, from Memphis to Napoleon.

A missionary cut off little daughter's throat as she sat upon his knee. He was reading the Bible at the time and thought he was giving the child a short cut to heaven, probably.

Aha! John Wanamaker has come to the front again. He was at a New York wedding yesterday. Col. Shepard was there, too. What a good wedding it must have been!

Tom Reed has made a set of rules for the House. It naturally takes general rules to get Tom's measures.

Col. Shepard lost a "mill" which was taken in his office lately. The millers were Harran and Gray.

Ives Turner ought to chuckle to himself at being in Congress such a winter as this.

Isn't it natural for the "buds" of New York society to do a certain amount of "blowing"?

The little King of Spain is a messy young chap. But this is only during this attack.

FAIR WOMEN.

Miss Alice Ranger, the President's typewriter and stenographer, is able to take a short hand dictation at the rate of 200 words a minute. Her spelling is said to be absolutely perfect, and she can keep quiet with an industry that is rare among her sex.

There are two ladies connected with the Corean Legation, the wives of the Minister and his first secretary, says a Chicago News Washington letter. When their first arrival was delayed, they were obliged to conform to the restraints of the military discipline of their native land, but very soon asserted themselves sufficiently to attend with their lords at the fashionable drawing-rooms and receptions.

The reception at the Corian Legation next the close of the season was one of the finest entertainments of the kind given during the season, and the ladies, although wearing their curious native costumes, earned themselves with great credit.

The two wives are now learning the English language.

Official and general society had their curiosity well appealed, quite a social occasion sprung up respecting the marital status of the feminine members of the Legation.

The Coreans representives occupy a fine residence in a fashionable portion of the city, and have become quite expert in Western ways.

WORLDLINES.

Charles Bailey Warner, the author, is about sixty years old. He wears full beard, partly bald in the middle and usually well dressed. He has been an editor and a lawyer as well as humorist.

The oldest living officer of the regular army is Gen. Sherman. In Col. James Belknap he was placed on the retired list ten years ago, after serving forty-one years in the army.

Undersecretary James E. McLooney is kept so busy through the glaring mortality occasioned by La Grippe that he is unable to attend his duties as Alderman from the Twenty-third Assembly District.

There was no other witness to the killing of Mrs. KNIFINN than her slayer; yet the knowledge that the dead was to be done may have been known to another.

The planning of a crime committed and the harrowing fear of detection and punishment. It is the suspense, the realization of impending retribution, more awful almost than the reality, that creates that inward oppression so unbearable. It is the desire to relieve this pressure that brings about confession.

"When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him," says Daniel Webster, "and the net of circumstances to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst out. It must be confessed; it will be confessed, there is no refuge from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession."

MOMENTOUS SCANDAL.

It is felt by a large number of the thoughtful Cubans that it would be better for the business and domestic prosperity of their island to be a part of the United States rather than subject to a power so remote geographically as Spain.

Corruption in official circles has caused much trouble in Cuba, and the feeling that the men sent out to regulate their interests by Spain have plundered the island unmercifully heightens the feeling of discontent. A prominent employee in

SURPENSE AND CONFESSION.

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ATHLETES IN REPOSE.

W. W. Scott, of the New Jersey Athletic Club, justifies his nickname of "Great" quite frequently, as he generally is relied upon to win the athletic contests, particularly where potates are concerned.

James Atkinson is a spry member of the Brooklyn Athletic Club, who is generally looked upon as a model athlete, as far as conscientious training and faithful endeavor are concerned.

H. V. Weil is a Titan—not in size but in memory, as he is the record holder of the Club of that name. His legs are also frequently the leading members of a foot race, particularly a short distance.

STOLEN RHYMES.

New Year's Day—At the Club.

You, Jack, I resolve, without joking.

To conquer some favorite vice,

To make some new friend,

That is really all I ask of you.

However, and you'll not catch me blinking,

At faults that I ought to amend;

That's what's the matter with you.

Well, I'll say, old chav, that I mean it;

No, I'm not a fool, I know what I mean;

No, I'm not a fool, I know what I mean;

That's what I mean, I mean what I mean;

What are they? By Jove, they're riling me;

I mean—why are they so smiling?

To give up—return—don't you know?

—I'd like to see you in Park.

A Coincidence.

(From the Epoch.)

Who—What did you ever see in me to make me your wife?

Husband—Do you know I've asked myself the same thing a hundred times since we've been married?

Both—A simple way I learned,

And all such things overturn—

I married her.

MABELLE TREVOR'S GUNDAH always irritates from teasing. Everybody can beg in Park.

M. H. W. in Park.

DAN'L SULLY.

Dan'l Sully, who calls himself "the representative Irish-American actor" there is no law restraining a man from calling himself anything, he chooses to present a piece called "Conroy the Tailor" at the Theatre Comique. Having last night, Connor may have been very good fit for some of his customers, but he hardly suited Mr. Sully, whose Irish-Americanism were of the very tamest order, and who appeared to be decidedly uncomfortable.

"Conroy the Tailor," is a rough sketch with no dramatic or literary merit. It serves to introduce a few jokes about the grip, a song or two, and a dance. Such plays seldom do more, and I should have said nothing about this one if I only saw that Mr. Sully is a representative Irish-American actor and his play a domestic comedy drama. There is a good deal of vulgarity in "Conroy the Tailor," that might be advantageously omitted. On the road, and in the Jayvilles and Queenreys of a theatrical tour, people may laugh at the broad touches, but New Yorkers dislike that sort of thing even in rough sketches like "Conroy the Tailor."

Mr. Sully was entirely eclipsed by the actor playing the German-American part, Max Arnold, I believe. Mr. Arnold is a very clever actor, with plenty of personal magnetism. He was in reality the star of "Conroy the Tailor," and his efforts made the work very uninteresting. Mr. Arnold ought, however, to realize that he cannot sing. The ridiculous song introduced spoiled his work, but he sings at least as well as Sully. The musical portions of "Conroy the Tailor" were simply execrable.

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THE WORLD: TUESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 7, 1890.

MISS LIEBLIN IN THE LEAD.

She Heads the List of Ballots for
"The Evening World's" Watch.

Miss Mayer, Alyea and Olmsted
Next in Rotation.

Ida Lieblin, of Primary School 71, this city, still leads THE EVENING WORLD's Lady Teachers' Contest, and her friends have increased her vote to 2,762. Rose Mayer, of Grammar School 71, is second, with 963; Eva B. Alyea, of No. 39, Kingsland, N. J., third, with 811, and H. Elsie Olmsted, of Auburn, N. Y., fourth, with 603.

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